

1990.0027

is all rising between him & his friends, now  
there is a state of ferment with his kinsfolk  
or friends, people dwelling in the same house,  
~~his heart is~~ now is bitterness estrangement  
- like a wall - between him & them. He cannot  
say 'our Father' with a quiet heart, for the  
great Father does not allow his children to  
speak to Him when they are not speaking ~~w~~ to each other.  
Now, another man grows rich, & he  
has money, another is praised, & ~~he~~ blamed  
& his heart is full <sup>of</sup> envy & bitterness & ~~envy~~  
say 'our Father' <sup>Again he is lifted up. When this</sup> ~~again he is lifted up. When this~~  
but neighbour in his money <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ a man is  
lies, & another a hypocrite, & another is no  
better than a heathen. And the more religion  
professes, etc., the more ready seem <sup>to</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>to</sup> judge  
with other men. Men <sup>cannot</sup> pray, he  
cares Christ has said 'judge not: ye shall  
not be judged'. And if I do not pluck up  
the first bricks that are laid, the wall grows  
between me & my brothers, & I cannot say 'my'  
A man must have eyes in the back of his head  
& a hundred hands to pluck up the first bricks  
~~when they~~ <sup>Not</sup> as ~~as~~ <sup>when</sup> he will have wells springing  
up on <sup>behind</sup> ~~all~~ sides of him, between him & his  
brothers, & the wall that shuts him off from my  
brother shuts him off also from "our Father".

II

But when we say 'Father' are we more in earnest? Do we mean that he whom we call upon is a Father actually, not in some imaginary sense? Not a Father who would give his own life for <sup>righteous</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~his~~ eldest son, but could not put out an ~~little~~ <sup>poor</sup> ~~little~~ life of his helpless little daughter, but a Father to whom every one of his children is dear as a man's <sup>his</sup> ~~his~~ eldest son? Also! is it shrinking at the first word 'ours' which does not destroy the next also? It is true that all countries & nations had a claim upon <sup>of</sup> this

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Appleton

to the postman, as well as to the village boy. They are  
allowed to bring some there in the sun.  
They have never been in the moors yourself,  
and understand why they are delightful, anymore  
than a boy who had never tasted gingerbread would.  
tomorrow day has, for it is. That day you have  
bleak & barren is certain, & you must pick your  
way carefully for In many parts, the streams  
are no better than soaking sponge, <sup>soaked</sup> in  
water. There is grass or <sup>nothing grows in compound</sup> ~~lips~~ in the top perhaps,  
you put down your foot, & it goes, & the  
knee, in black mud, well. In you up the <sup>dry land</sup> ~~steps~~  
~~goes~~ in from ground. It is in these sponge  
not nearly all the rivers of Yorkshire farther than  
Peters. There is a wide springy moor in the  
north west, called <sup>winner of the moor</sup> Dodd's Dell, a green  
sponge moor, upon which you certainly will  
not come with clean feet. Follow up ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> Dell  
or the Wharf, or the tributaries, with very beginning,  
& they will all take <sup>many</sup> ~~you~~ to Dodd's Dell. Then  
you come upon <sup>clay</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>each</sup> slow, narrow  
runlets of brown water, not bigger than a roadside  
gutter. These feed one into another, & make a  
small beginning of ~~the~~ <sup>many</sup> fine rivers of the West  
riding. You trudge on other little runlets back  
if you are not afraid of sinking in the moors.  
You just see the water <sup>beginning</sup> going out of the sponge  
earth which is too full to hold any more.

To trace a great river to its small  
beginnings is very pleasant no doubt, but  
you cannot do this every day. This is not the  
delight of the moors. You know back your head  
fill your lungs with the pure air, you look round,  
& there is not a soul in sight but yourself & your  
friends; your eye brightens, & your cheek is rosy,  
& you are ready to dance about & sing in your <sup>own</sup> ~~place~~

on our Spirits, but He is said to begot us to a new life, that as natural men we are not His children, though we are His creatures? All this is most important; it is precisely that we mean when we say that God has redeemed mankind in Christ.

He means not He has not left us, like fleshly nature to the animals, as envs to swallow in the river, <sup>as dogs that return to their own vomit;</sup> & this is what we intended to say, would be stronger if He were not upholding us. It means that He has owned us as spiritual creatures, & <sup>though</sup> able to know us by him because He is a Spirit; He has called us to His feet as His children; He has set us on our labours as His servants; & He has given us His Spirit that we may do all such good works as He has prepared for us to walk in.

We say that when a man arrives & goes to the Letter, he renounces his will, selfish, exclusive life; he gives up all thought of being richer or wiser or better than other men - even the worst & the lowest, he is content to be a sinner whom Christ has redeemed & brought back to God & his Letter.

Spiritual pride makes him stand upon certain feelings of his such separate him from other men; if he says, I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, & <sup>therefore</sup> I am safe; or, surely, Lord, I love thee more than men; or, I trust, I know God the Letter & the Lord Jesus Christ, that is all natural; - if he rests upon any feelings & thoughts of his own, however right they may be, ~~to~~ is not such meets him not. Better than other men he is not a persecutor; he is still a self-exalting, self-glorying man; he has not been wronged to feel that he is nothing; he has not been forced to cast himself wholly & absolutely upon the one agency of God in Christ as the drowning man clings to you.



190/Scmara

brother of holy apostles a good man but given  
rebel &叛徒<sup>rebel</sup>. And therefore, when the very spirit  
was poured out upon the apostles on the day  
of Pentecost. His first gift to the apostle  
was the gift of tongues, that they might take  
the Sabbath message to people of all languages.  
And ever since then, the Father has given us  
enduring messages to his children - rising  
up early & sending them to them that are near &  
to them that are far off, with such a message,  
to the saint & the outcast. Message is  
the same, that the Father desires his children  
that his Son has died to bring them home.

We are apt to think that God is our Father  
because we are Christians, but that he is not  
the Father of the tender, the ~~innocent~~, the <sup>innocent</sup> Prince  
of the nations over who do not call on his name.  
This is as foolish as the child it born over to believe  
that he was his father's only son because his big  
brothers have gone out into the world. Whether  
whether of this kind we make, how & when will answer  
when we cry to him, for life son. But you think  
that the Father hears us only because we are  
good Christians, we shall ~~not~~ be able to  
speak to him when we are in most need <sup>in times of our trouble</sup>.  
Days will come when everything goes wrong, every  
man's hand is against us; we have sinned  
& our sin has found us out. The devil comes  
to our ear & whispers that God has given us up.  
But the good man alone is the child of God.  
Then we turn our faces to the wall & are dumb.  
Why should we cry upon God when he will  
not hear? Oh! but if we remember that he  
is indeed 'Our Father'. The Father of ~~all men~~  
yes of the <sup>poor</sup> sinners, of whom said the chief  
that we have round about, "Father, have mercy."  
& the blessed tears come like the heavy rains  
& the solitary place of that poor heart-blossom  
lets the rose.  
Does my soul amuse, but God is called the Father

that have offended in this rebellion, as well by hanging them up in trees, as by the quartering of them. the setting of their heads & quarters in every town, great & small, small other such places, as they may be a fearful spectacle to all others hereafter that would practise any like malice? And, "you shall, without pity, cause to the months & canons that be in anywise faulty who tied up, without delay or ceremony, to the terrible example of others."

Very faithfully did Norfolk execute his Masters orders, & terrible vengeance was taken upon those who had joined in the "Pilgrimage of Grace"; so this rebellion was called. Of the leaders, Ask & others, suffered at York; some were executed in London; Lady Bedmore, who gave her warm support to the cause, was burnt at Smithfield.

James did Henry VIII put down rebellion in his reign, caring very little for the new religion or the old, but only that he might have his way, & might fill his coffers with the wealth of the unfortunate <sup>happy</sup> abbey's.

Not less cruel was Elizabeth in putting down avenging the Yorkish rebellion of her day, known oft as the "Rising of the North", the story of which is told in the "White Doe of Ryedale". Some bad labouring people were hanged in the various towns through which the rebels had passed, the leaders were dealt with even more severely.

But, as regards the Rebels, the story of the poem is not quite correct; Richard Norton <sup>one</sup> of this sons escaped to Flanders.

Romford, the head quarters of the rebels during the Pilgrimage of Grace distinguished itself again, during the Civil War. Cromwell himself sat deposit for a month, & failed to reduce it; then he left to command in other lands; Romford had the honour of being the last stronghold in England still held out for the King.

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Day, summertime, as the streams, that  
the moors are <sup>frequently situated upon the</sup> ~~less~~ <sup>more</sup> places, run away  
into long ridges dividing one river valley  
from another. And you may stand upon  
the edge of a moor, & look behind you over  
~~the~~ waste; & down at your feet is a green dell,  
~~where~~ <sup>set, scattered in the valley,</sup> you may count the spires of two or three  
villages, churches rising amongst trees, with  
the village street <sup>the cottage clustering round</sup> farm houses & gathering round  
them. You cannot see the stream, perhaps, ~~over-hanging~~ <sup>overhanging</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> trees. Then you raise your eyes, & look  
across to the other side of the valley, beyond  
the ridge which cuts it in; & you see another  
ridge behind that, & another behind that, &  
another & another, sometimes five or  
six long, smooth mountain ridges <sup>or falls</sup> ~~extending~~  
one behind another. Between the long smooth  
ridges which stretch away out of sight is  
always a line of deep black shadow; that is  
all you see. But you know that if you could  
get on the ~~dell~~ <sup>hill</sup> above it, that black shadow would  
open out into a lovely dale with a sparkling  
stream, <sup>an</sup> ~~which~~ fall the villages where the  
fair-haired Yorkshire bairns dwell & go to school.

This is the sort of thing that you see in  
Craven, a very lovely part of the West Riding,  
~~beginning about the~~ <sup>place</sup> ~~market-towns of~~ <sup>incl.</sup> Clapham  
holding the upper valleys of the three sister rivers,  
the Wharfe, the Aire, & the Ribble.

South of Craven the long falls which divide York  
shire from Lancashire become more steep & have  
the edges you see marked on the map.

J.W.

Average annual fall in the county is 30 inches & year; there is a gradual increase, from 20 miles, to the eastern plains low lands, to 50 in the western highlands.

The total length of the Ouse is about 150 miles. It is formed by the junction of the Swale & Ure; its principal considerable feeder is the Ried, which has a much shorter course than the smaller streams, the Wharfe, Aire & Don. At York, it is joined by the Foss. Then, below York, the Wharfe brings its full tide of waters from the western highlands; then, the Derwent, the longest tributary, brings the eastern drainage; the Aire then, swelled by its important tributary, the Calder, from the west. Lastly, the Don, with its group of feeders, Sheaf & Rother, Dearne & Rivelin, joins the Ouse one mile up from the Aire. Thus we have on the right bank, Ried, Wharfe, Aire & Don, &c. on the left, the Foss & the Derwent. The district about the lower course of the Don & the Ouse is an enormous peat swamp, intersecting with limestone. The Ouse is navigable for steam-boats as far as Selby, from the beginning of the Humble, that is, an affluent of the Ouse & the Trent, to the sea, is only miles. At its widest part, the estuary measures five miles across, at Hull, at the junction of the river Hull, it is three miles ~~south~~ wide. Shallow sand banks make the navigation of the Humble so difficult that practised pilots usually take charge of incoming vessels.

Camden pronounced that the best way to see Yorkshire was to follow up its several rivers.